

See WILKINSON, the Real Estate Man.

THE DAYTONA DAILY NEWS.

Vol. II, No 18

Goes Everywhere and Reaches All Classes.

Daytona, Florida, Saturday, January 21, 1905.

Best Advertising Medium in Daytona and Vicinity

Price 3 Cents

BINGHAM & THOMPSON

A Number of Desirable Furnished Cottages offered for Rent.
A Handsome Ridgewood Residence for Sale

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

ABOUT ANTOS AND DRIVERS.

Gossip Picked Up Here and There
Among the Drivers and Sightseers.

Speeding on the Beach.

D. C. Lull, a guest of The Ridgewood, has charge of two Columbia autos, one of 40 h. p., the other 18 h. p., which E. C. Ball will drive. The machines are stored at Ormond.

The Hartford Rubber Works have a 35 h. p. Columbia at Ormond, which will be entered in the races and driven, probably, by E. R. Mertens.

John Casswell, of Boston, has a 40 h. p. Columbia at Ormond, which either he or E. R. Mertens will drive.

A 30-35 h. p. Darracq has arrived for E. M. Steck, president of the F. E. C. A. A.

A 10-15 Darracq racer arrived this morning for E. M. Steck, which will likely be driven by Wm. Fealy, who came down yesterday.

F. S. Edge drove his Napier on the beach yesterday, and made some excellent time.

H. L. Bowden was out as usual yesterday. It is reported that he covered a mile in 3:35, driving his big Mercedes car.

C. M. Christie did the prettiest lot of running yesterday, that he has been able to do since coming here. The Christie is admired more than any other racer located here. It certainly receives attention and care from both owner and mechanic.

The friends and admirers of Ed. Hawley and his Mercedes say that he does less repairing and tinkering on his machine than any of the others. If this is so, much credit is due the machine, her driver and mechanic, for Ed. drives her hard every day and has the reputation of having made some fast time.

Eddie Bald, the former bicycle champion, will drive an auto for the first time next week on the sands of Florida. He knows this beach far-

ther north very well, for ten years ago he trained for a bicycle race on the beach from Mayport south. At that time this beach was practically unknown.

Special Trains Next Week.

The following information has been issued by the Florida East Coast Railway in reference to special train service.

On account of the races at Ormond Daytona beach, January 23 to 28, the Florida East Coast Railway will run a special train from Jacksonville to Hotel Ormond to enable those that desire to see the races to do so and to return to Jacksonville the same day.

On the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th this special train will be scheduled to leave Jacksonville at 9 a. m., arriving at Hotel Ormond at 12:30 p. m.

The races take place on Tuesday from 1 to 7 p. m.; Wednesday from 2 to 7 p. m.; Thursday from 1 to 8 p. m.; Friday from 2 to 8 p. m.; Saturday from 1 to 8 p. m.

This special will leave Hotel Ormond at 5:38 p. m., arriving at Jacksonville at 9 p. m. Those who do not want to take advantage of the special train can use the regular trains, No. 39 leaving at 10 a. m., and No. 35 leaving at 12:15 p. m.

The rate from Jacksonville to Hotel Ormond and return will be \$3.45, good returning to Saturday, the 28th. Parlor cars will be on all trains for the accommodation of those that desire to take it.

The DAYTONA NEWS a few days ago published an article calling attention to the fact that fifty-three persons in Daytona and Seebreeze had not yet paid their State and County licenses. Since then every mail has been carrying letters to County Tax Collector, D. Perkins Smith with requests that receipts be returned instant.

An Old Favorite

HAMLET ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE

By Shakespeare

O, THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't!—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she.—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer.—Married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
She married.

Too Advanced For Him.

In Chicago there is a principal of one of the public schools who in his college days was considered something of a "shark" at Latin and at many other studies besides. What he did not know about physiology was hardly worth knowing. He was a "grind" and a scholarship man.

His little girl, aged six, is now a pupil at the experimental school at the university, where she learns many things out of the order of public school education. Recently she fell and hurt herself. Her father found her crying.

"What's the matter, Noreen?" he asked.
"I fell and bumped my patella," she replied. Remember this was in Chicago, and not in Boston.
Papa was sympathetic. "Poor little girl!" he said, and proceeded with the best intentions to examine her elbow. Noreen broke away in disgust.
"Huh!" she snorted. "Haven't you never learned anything? I said my patella! That isn't my elbow. My elbow is my great sesamoid."
Papa went for a Latin dictionary.

Why Worry?

Why do we worry about the nest?
We only stay for a day
Or a month or a year, at the Lord's best.
In this habitat of clay.

Why do we worry about the road,
With its hill or deep ravine?
In a dismal path or a heavy load,
We are helped by hands unseen.

Why do we worry about the years
That our feet have not yet trod?
Who labors with courage and trust, nor
fears.
Has fellowship with God.

The best will come in the great "To be,"
It is ours to serve and wait,
And the wonderful future we soon shall
see.
For death is but the gate.
—Sarah K. Bolton.

Faith.

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale
I am holding quietly fast
To things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

That the rulers must obey;
That the rulers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.

And that somewhere beyond the stars
Is a love that is better than fate.
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see him, and I will wait.
—Washington Gladden.

Begin Now!

You will read in song or story
Of the men of sturdy will
Who have fought for gold or glory
And have sealed achievement's hill,
But to make the application
And to draw the moral true
If you'd win that lofty station,
Start today! It's up to you!
—Ernest Neal Lyon.

WORKING ON DELAND ROAD

DeLandites Have Raised \$1,000 With
Which to Pinestraw the Daytona-
DeLand Road.

When The DAYTONA NEWS, telling of Barney Oldfield's trip across the country in one hour and twenty minutes, was received by Editor Codrington, of the DeLand News, last Tuesday, he at once made up his mind to enable Barney to cut twenty minutes off the time the next time he attempted the trip.

A subscription paper was headed and circulated among the DeLand business men and as a result \$1,000 has been raised and a force of workmen are now pinestrawing the road between the capital of Volusia and the Queen City of the East Coast.

The road between the two cities is in a very good condition at present so far as Florida country roads go, but after the application of a liberal quantity of pine straw any automobile, even the low power ones, will be able to make the trip without any difficulty.

G. Byrne, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert M. Walker, Minneapolis; Miss Eleanor Bryson, Harrisburg, Pa.; Miss B. H. Porter, Washington are guests at The Ridgewood.

Emma Amiker and Hattie Cuthbert, both dusky demigons of Midway, were before his Honor yesterday for scrapping. Emma coughed up five plunks and costs to replenish the city's coffers.

Mr. Brown, of Ponce Park, drove up from there with Wm. Coy in his auto yesterday. He got his auto, which has been stored with McCoy Bros. all summer, and returned with it to Ponce Park last night.

Dr. J. D. Eggleston and wife, Meriden, Ct., Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Farman, Danbury, Ct.; Louis D. Webber and wife, Beverly, Mass.; J. F. Murphy, W. F. Ahern, Hartford, Ct.; M. Harris, Waterbury, Ct. are guests of The Austin.

State News Items.

The postoffice at Early Bird, Marion county, has been discontinued. The mail hereafter will be sent to Standard, Fla.

The site of the postoffice at Luther, Taylor county, has been changed three-quarters of a mile east.

A. W. Carter has been commissioned postmaster at Allie, Fla.

Geo. A. Wendell has been commissioned postmaster at Quincy. This is a new appointment.

George R. Stanton has been commissioned postmaster at Bluff Springs, Fla.

The site of the postoffice at Selman, Calhoun county, has been changed three miles northeast.

"Black Kid," with several aliases, will pay the penalty of the law for murder at the jail yard in Starke February 10. The crime was the killing of an old colored man and girl near Lawtey a few months ago. The murder was a most brutal one, and as confessed by "Kid," had no redeeming feature.

Passengers returning Tuesday from Nassau on the steamer Miami state that John Alexander Dowie, the "prophet," and his party, who went over on the previous trip of the Miami to Nassau, sailed from there via the Ward Line for Santiago, on the eastern end of Cuba. From there, it is presumed, they will cross the island by rail to Havana, and thence back North via the west coast.

In the severe gale that raged along the East Coast of Florida Sunday, the Italian bark Massa E. Grecco, of Genoa, Italy, bound from Pensacola to Buenos Ayres, was blown ashore six miles from Palm Beach. Capt. Pietro Musante and the crew of fourteen are all safe, and awaiting the arrival of the British consul from Jacksonville. The cargo consisted of seven hundred and eighty thousand feet of pine lumber. The bark is broken amidship, the stern and bow dropping down. The mainmast is gone.

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